

SET IT OFF

Doe Boy

(What's happening Chi Chi?)
(FOREVEROLLING)
Rubberband Money Gang, nigga
We don't got no limit
We gon' take that shit nigga, fuck you talking 'bout nigga
Fuck, it's up
And niggas hoes

Beezy told me set it off, you already know
Got my Glock in, I'll let it off, you already know
Ain't gon' let nobody play with me, y'all niggas hoes
If you talking street shit on the net, y'all niggas told
Pop up in your city, hit the club rocking all rolls
I like putting a lot of ice on 'cause my heart cold
And G Herbo keep that heat on, but my heart cold
Stomach full but I'll eat y'all, 'cause my heart cold

Tried to keep it a secret, why you tell the world we beefing?
Told 'em everything but forget to tell 'em the real reason
What's-his-name killed your man, yeah, you know he a real demon
Stood over, I'm still squeezing, demon, glizzy still preaching though
That's just how we talk to niggas, we don't give no speeches
Is you really gon' shoot it, I don't give a fuck if you keep it, ho
Blicky got a beam and scope, up on the opps, but who keeping score?
Bullets hit his body, his insides look like pizza rolls

No bap, we gon' get him gone, we just need his lo'
Hit my OG on the phone, tell him bring my pole
Did a hit, I ain't talking song, they don't even know
Lil' bro act like Shang Tsung say he want his soul
I was trapping, both my parents home, I just wanted clothes
Burner tried to pay me for a verse but I just wanted bows
If a nigga living what he rapping 'bout, I'm one of those
Pull a trigger, hit his face, his family want his coffin closed

His family want his coffin closed
Old nigga sneak dissing, how the fuck you dissing and wearing my clothes
Mwah, come here baby, share my hoes but I won't share my pole
Ricky Owens on, you better not step on my toes
Said he outside, but he ain't been seen lately
She said she for me, nah, you for the team, baby
Feel like I'm getting washed up, ain't made a nigga bleed lately
His lil' brother wanna play hardball, get dead like G, baby (Oh really)
I'm with the shits, play, you gon' learn
Me and Herb arguing who gon' kill 'em, hold on Swerve, wait your turn

Damn, drunk-ass bitch, let me shoot the nigga in his face, fuck him
You a ho, huh

Fuck it then, let's over-do 'em, we could both do 'em
It don't count unless you run up on 'em, get up close to 'em
I'm that nigga, I'm a boss now, got too much influence
I could easily have my cousins do 'em, have my brother do 'em
When I was in traffic, it was cracking then, it was a bunch of shooters
You ain't gang gang, you couldn't hang with us, we was like fuck recruiting
When that rain came, here to maintain, and I changed lanes, let my chains hang

Went through real pain, let some flames flame, you a pussy boy, we ain't the same thing

On foe'nem, uh, we ain't like y'all, we don't like y'all
Yeah, on foe'nem, keep playing, pussy
Swerve, big Swerve
Oh really, big oh really